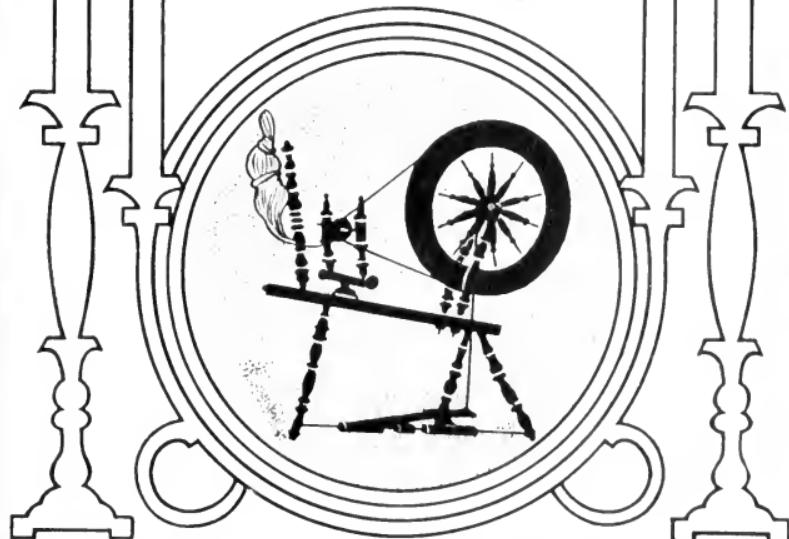


# The DAYS of LONG AGO

Warren E. Comstock

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

Will E. Livezey









"HALLOWE'EN"

# THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

AND

## IMMORTALITY

(Antithesis of "The Rubaiyat")

BY

WARREN E. COMSTOCK

*Author of "The First Woman and Other Poems"*

ILLUSTRATED BY

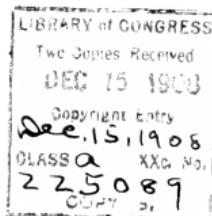
WILL E. LIVEZEY

RICHARD G. BADGER

**The Gorham Press**

BOSTON

1909



TO THE REVERED MEMORY OF MY  
DEAR MOTHER, I LOVINGLY  
DEDICATE THIS LITTLE  
VOLUME OF VERSE

*The Author*

111



## THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

As we ascend the Mount of Life,  
And pause upon the Great Divide;  
And gaze back through the din and strife,  
Though brave our hearts, we cannot hide  
The welling tears of fond regret  
For the Days of Long Ago.



The carpet-loom and spinning-wheel's  
Soft droning music we can hear.  
The fireplace glow we still can feel;  
The well-sweep creaks upon our ear.  
The old log-house — we see it yet —  
In the Days of Long Ago.



Ly<sup>2</sup>

The quaint rush-bottomed rocking-chair,  
The bright rag carpet on the floor;  
And grandma in her white cap there,  
Knitting before the open door  
With twinkling needles, beckon us  
To the Days of Long Ago.



The tallow dips in sticks of brass,  
With flaring flame again we see  
The bureau with its knobs of glass,  
And four-post bed with canopy.  
In feathers deep how sound we sleep  
In the Days of Long Ago.



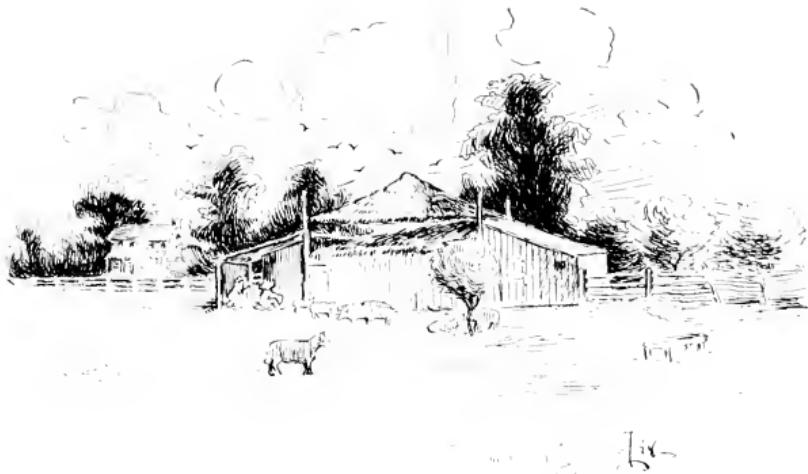
We churned the golden butter well;  
We rolled the balls of cottage cheese.  
The home-made cider cast a spell --  
With clover blossom laden breeze --  
And sweet content with duty blent  
In the Days of Long Ago.



The old iron kettle in the glow  
Of the great wood fire's licking flame,  
How well it boiled the lye you know,  
And made the soft soap, grandma's fame,  
And first prize at the County Fair,  
In the Days of Long Ago.



The sturdy farmer in the wheat,  
With cradle lays the harvest low,  
The tread-mill grinds the sorghum, sweet,  
The hired man drives the ox-team slow.  
O husking bees! O quilting teas!  
In the Days of Long Ago.



The shearing of the bleating sheep;  
The plucking of the noisy geese.  
The beehives hid in shadows deep;  
The buckwheat blossoms' snowy fleece —  
All wreaths of youth, who tell the truth  
Of the Days of Long Ago.



Liv<sup>g</sup>

The smokehouse filled — hog-killing time  
With hams and "sides" hung in a row.  
The blackbirds piping merry rhyme  
With cawing of the pirate crow.  
The lost chords of an ancient lay  
Of the Days of Long Ago.



Then moonlight winter nights agleam  
With diamond dust of sparkling snow!  
The bob-sleigh with its four-horse team;  
Young folks 'mid robes of buffalo,  
How sly the kiss! How sweet the bliss!  
Of the Days of Long Ago.



The dance is on!— Virginia Reel—  
“Gray Eagle” screams from violin,  
Exciting thrills from head to heel,  
Quadrille and waltz the time fill in;  
‘Til break of day we dance away!  
In the Days of Long Ago.



Then shady nooks — like elfin bowers —  
The snowball and the lilac trees;  
The beds of good old-fashioned flowers,  
The honeysuckle-perfumed breeze --  
Sweet incense hov'ring o'er the shrine  
Of the Days of Long Ago.



The halo of the Golden Past  
Grows brighter as the years roll by.  
Fond retrospect in shadows cast  
The scenes of yore on mem'ry's eye.  
Dear ones we love have gone above  
From the Days of Long Ago.



An echo from the Buried Past —  
The great brass knocker on the door,  
Its clanging call is stilled at last;  
Those who responded are no more,  
Their shades we see in memory  
Of the Days of Long Ago.

## IMMORTALITY

(Antithesis of "The Rubaiyat")

### I

"The flower that once has blown forever  
Dies!"  
Not so the soul of man, but to the  
Skies,  
Straightway it takes its flight!— 'less scripture  
Lies.

### II

This form of clay we wear is but the  
Tent,  
Pitched for a day on earth, and then we're  
Sent  
To join the vast encampment, who are  
Blent

### III

With that great army who have gone  
Before;  
And now await us on the other  
Shore.  
We go but once, and we return no  
More!

### IV

Why do we hate to strike our tent, and  
Be  
Transported to the Land Beyond the  
Sea,  
Where all is bright and fair for you and  
Me?

V

Because our faith is small, True friends are  
Few!  
We *know* this home, and that beyond the  
Blue  
Is unexplored by us, and if 'tis  
True

VI

That we shall — disembodied spirits —  
Dwell,  
In never-ending bliss, — or else in  
Hell,—  
Be thrust to everlasting torments —  
Well,

## VII

Our mortal flesh dictates to us to  
Stay,  
Where we are masters of our own sweet  
Way,  
And make the bed ourselves, on which we  
Lay,

## VIII

Life's drama is a play where all take  
Part.  
The Timid Soul, and he of Lion  
Heart.  
Faith, Hope, and Love, the factors of the  
Art.

## IX

We cannot all be stars upon this  
Stage.  
Some minor part, for most of us doth  
Gage  
Our calibre, in this most strenuous  
Age!

## X

That we shall live again we cannot  
Doubt.  
Our innate longings put our fears to  
Rout.  
In Doubter's face the flag of Faith we  
Flout!

XI

Both dainty flower and giant tree  
Proclaim:  
"The Hand that fashioned us is just the  
Same  
That stretched the heavens, and called the  
stars by Name."

XII

The very dust that rides upon the  
Blast  
May once have been a Prophet of the  
Past,  
The moves upon Life's checkerboard are  
Fast!

### XIII

To-day the world seems bright with joy  
    Ahead!  
To-morrow finds us numbered with the  
    Dead.  
The hungry maw of Time by all is  
    Fed.

### XIV

In wailing of the wind — so sad and  
    Drear —  
The spirits of the Dead methinks I  
    Hear.  
The world of Yesterday, on Mem'ry's  
    Bier.

## XV

Mysterious is the veil that hides from  
View  
The myriad throngs who've passed, and still  
pass Through:  
Compared with these those now on Earth are  
Few.

## XVI

We try to look beyond, to pierce the  
Veil.  
In storm-tossed bark we bravely set our  
Sail.  
If Faith be at the helm we'll ride the  
Gale.

## XVII

The Styx — which separates those There and  
Here,—  
Forever sounds within our timid  
Ear,  
Its swift, dark tide, filling our heart with  
Fear!

## XVIII

We of to-day shall long forgotten  
Be,  
Our tiny sail sunk in oblivion's  
Sea!  
Unless, dear Lord, we've anchored safe with  
Thee.

## XIX

Fairest picture by mortal ever  
    Seen:—  
When sinking sun frescoes with golden  
    Sheen  
The fleecy clouds that hide the Evening  
    Queen.

## XX

The sun's last quiv'ring darts rise  
    Higher.—  
Until the mountain top and lofty  
    Spire  
Reflect the dying embers of its  
    Fire!

## XXI

Nature's own artist dips her magic  
    Brush  
In pigments rare, made in the quiet  
    Hush,  
When dying Day welcomes the onward  
    Rush

## XXII

Of myriad twinkling stars. Like diamonds  
    Rare,  
They gleam as gems entwined in raven  
    Hair!  
Then shafts of silver moonbeams pierce the  
    Air!

## XXIII

Sweet notes of birds and perfume of the  
Flowers  
Shall ravish hearts who love them,—but not  
Ours,—  
Our thrill! The joy of the Celestial  
Bowers!

## XXIV

The harmonies of earth shall help to  
Fire  
The hearts of those we leave when we  
Retire  
To join the chorus of the Heavenly  
Choir.

XXV

Now Luna fair shall wax and wane, and  
So  
The sun for years shall rise and set and  
Lo!  
Unnumbered generations come and  
Go!

XXVI

The ebb and flow of tides shall still go  
On.  
Dame Nature clothe herself in green, then  
Don  
Her fleecy robes of white, but we'll not  
Con

## XXVII

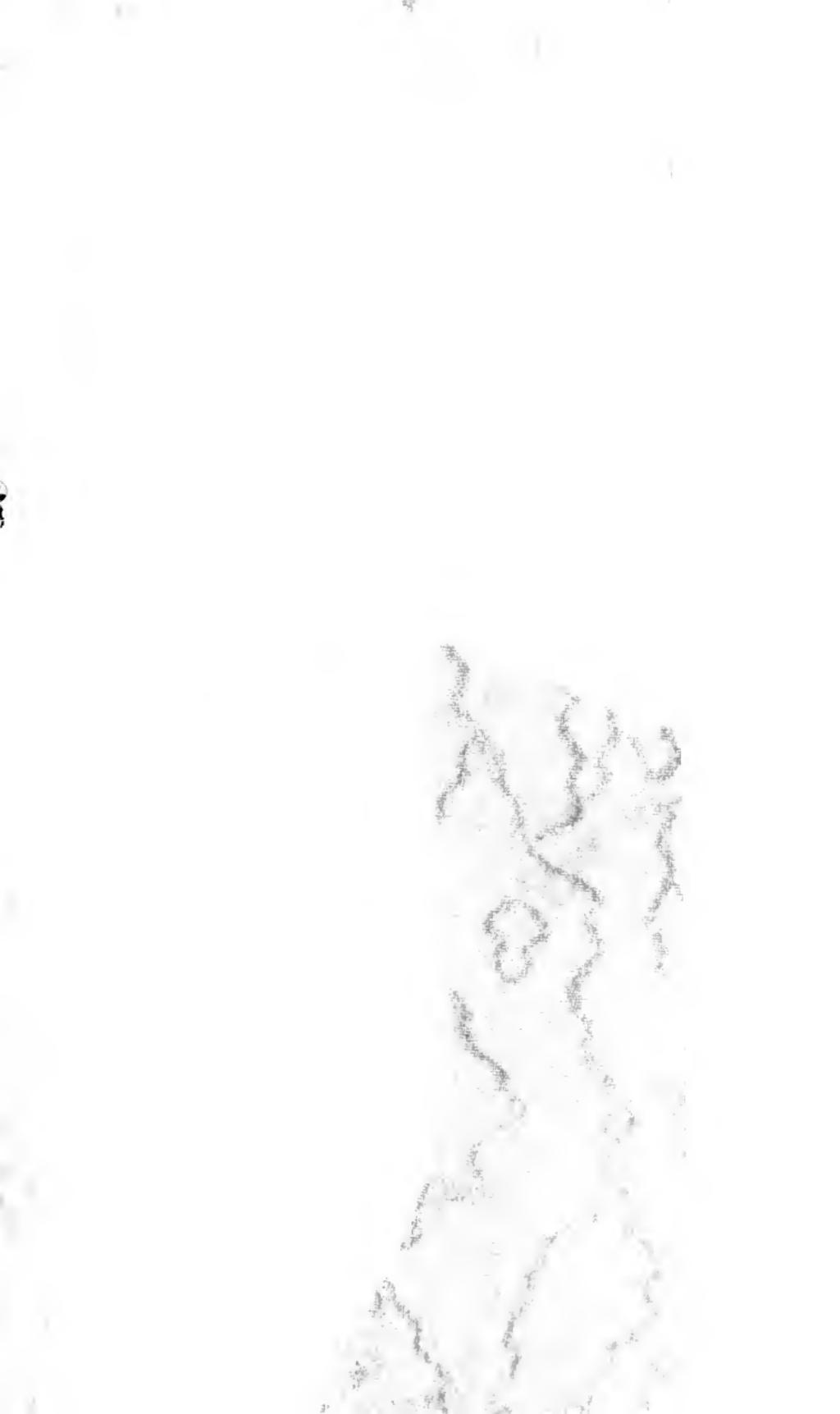
These object lessons from the Book of  
Life,  
'Midst company of Seraphim, where  
Strife  
Has long since ceased, and nought but Love  
is Rife;

## XXVIII

We'll dwell throughout Eternity, and  
Wait  
For other Pilgrims who have traveled  
Straight  
The Narrow Path that leads to Heaven's  
Gate!







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